

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS
Author of the Tarzan Tales

CHAPTER XX—Continued.

EXPLANATIONS of a rather chilly reception from his host, Meriem was silent. She saw that Bwana was angry with her. It was the first time, and she was heartily

"Go to your room, Meriem," he said. "And Bwana, if you will step into the study, I'd like to have a word with you in a moment."

"I stepped toward Hanson as the others turned to obey him. There was something about Bwana even in his gentlest moods that commanded instant obedience.

"How did you happen to be with them, Hanson?" he asked.

"I had been sitting in the garden," replied the trader. "I have a habit of doing that, as you lady probably know. Tonight I fell asleep behind a bush, and was awakened by them two spoons."

"What is it, Hanson?" asked Bwana. "You were about to say something, weren't you?"

"Well, you see, it's like this," ventured Hanson. "Bwana around here evenings a good deal. I've seen him with a girl, and begin your pardon, sir, but don't think Mr. Bwana means the girl any good. I've overheard enough to make me think he's tryin' to get her to run off with him."

Hanson, to fit his own ends, bit nearer the truth than he knew. He was afraid that Bwana would interfere with his own plans, and he had hit upon a scheme both to utilize the young Englishman and get rid of him at the same time.

"And I thought," continued the trader, "that inasmuch as I'm about due to move, you might like to suggest to Mr. Bwana that he go with me. I'd be willing to take him north to the caravan trails as a favor to you, sir."

Bwana stood in deep thought for a moment. Presently he looked up.

"Of course, Hanson," said Bwana to his guest. "I said, a grim twinkle in his eye. 'Really I cannot accuse him of planning to run away with Meriem on the evidence that you state, and as he is my guest, I should hate to be so discourteous as to ask him to leave. But if I recall his words correctly, it seems to me that he has spoken of returning to his home in the north. I should delight him more than going north with you—you say you start tomorrow? I think Mr. Bwana will accompany you."

"Drop over in the morning, if you please; and now good night, and thank you for keeping a watchful eye on Meriem."

Hanson hid a grin as he turned and sought the door. Bwana stepped from the veranda to his study, where he found the Hon. Meriem pacing back and forth, evidently very ill at ease.

"Bwana," said Bwana, coming directly to the point, "Hanson is leaving for the north tomorrow. He has taken a great fancy to you, and just asked me to say to you that he wishes to accompany him on his journey. Good night, Bwana."

At Bwana's suggestion Meriem kept to her room the following morning until after

the Hon. Meriem Bwana had departed. Hanson had come for him early—in fact, he had had some all night with the former. Meriem, that they might get an early start.

The farewell exchanges between the Hon. Meriem and his host were of the most formal type, and when at last the guest rode away Bwana breathed a sigh of relief. It had been an unpleasant duty, and he was glad that it was over; but he did not regret his action. He had not been, and knowing the young man's pride in case, he had never for a moment believed that his guest would offer his name to this rascally Arab. For extremely light in color though she was for a full-blooded Arab, Bwana believed her to be such.

He did not mention the subject again to Meriem, and in this he made a mistake; for the young girl, venturing the lips of gratitude she owed Bwana and My Dear, was both proud and sensitive, so that Bwana's action in sending Bwana away and giving her no explanation of what he had done hurt and mortified her. Also, it did much toward making a martyr of Bwana in her eyes, and adding in her breast a keen feeling of loyalty toward him.

What she had half mistaken for love before, she now mistook wholly. Bwana and My Dear had heard much of the social barriers that they knew only too well Bwana must feel existed between Meriem and himself, but they hesitated to wound her.

It would have been better had they inflicted this lesser sorrow and saved the child's mind that was to follow because of her ignorance.

As Hanson and Bwana rode toward the former's camp the Englishman maintained a morose silence. The other followed to formulate an opening that would lead naturally to the proposition he had in mind. He rode a neck behind his companion, grinning as he noted the sultry scowl upon the other patrician's face.

"Rather rough on you, wasn't he?" he ventured at last, jerking his head back in the direction of the caravan. Bwana turned his eyes upon him at the remark.

"He thinks a lot of the girl," continued Hanson. "But don't want nobody to marry her and take her away; but it looks to me as though he was doin' her more harm than good in sendin' you away. She ought to marry some time, and she couldn't do better than a fine young gentleman like you."

Bwana, who at first felt inclined to take offense at the mention of his private affairs by this common talk, was mollified by Hanson's final remark, and immediately commenced to see in him a man of discrimination.

"He's a damned bounder," grumbled the Hon. Meriem; "but I'll get even with him. He may be the whole thing in Central Africa, but I'm as big as he is in London. I'll get even with him, and I can help you any way, just call on me."

"It's mighty good of you, Hanson," replied Bwana, warning up. "I should follow you here in this God-forsaken hole."

"I know what I'd do," said Hanson. "I'd take her over in the morning, if you please; and now good night, and thank you for keeping a watchful eye on Meriem."

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won't refuse that. In the meantime we can be movin' camp a little farther north all the time, and you can make arrangements with her to be ready on a certain night. Tell her I'll meet her then and you'll wait for me. You'll be here, for I know the country well and can cover it quicker than you. You can take charge of the safari and be movin' along slow toward the north, and the girl and I'll catch up to you."

"But suppose she won't come?" suggested Bwana.

"Then make another date for a last good-bye," said Hanson. "I'll be there, for I'll be there—and I'll bring her along, anyway. She'll have to come and after it's all over she won't feel so bad about it—especially after livin' with you for two months while we're makin' the coast."

A shocked and angry protest rose to Bwana's lips; but he uttered it, for almost simultaneously came the realization that this was virtually the same thing that had been planned upon himself. It had sounded brutal and cruel, but nevertheless, the young Englishman saw that with Hanson's help and his knowledge of African ways and the possibilities of success would be much greater than if the Hon. Meriem were to attempt the thing single-handed.

So he nodded a plain assent.

The remainder of the ride to Hanson's northern camp was made in silence, for both men were occupied with their own thoughts, most of which were far from either complimentary or loyal to the other.

As they rode through the wood the sounds of their careless passage came to the ears of another jungle wayfarer. The Killer had determined to come back to the place where he had seen the white girl who was the cause of his long ride from his habit. There was a compelling something in the recollection of her that drew him back, and he was determined to see her by the light of day, to see her face, to see the color of her eyes and hair.

It seemed to him that she must bear a strong resemblance to his lost Meriem, and yet he knew that the chances were that she did not.

The fleeting glimpses that he had had of her in the moonlight as she swung from the back of her plunging pony into the branches of the tree above her had shown him a girl of about the same height as his Meriem, but of more rounded and developed femininity.

Now he was moving leisurely back in the direction of the spot where he had seen the girl when the sounds of the approaching horsemen came to his sharp ears. He moved stealthily through the branches until he came within sight of the two riders.

The younger man he instantly recognized as the same he had seen with his arms about the girl in the moonlight glade just an instant before. Bwana, he knew, he did not recognize, though there was a familiarity about his carriage and figure that puzzled Korak.

The apeman decided that to find the girl again he would have to keep in touch with the young Englishman, and so fell in behind the pair, following them to Hanson's camp. Hanson, who had penned a brief note, which Hanson gave into the keeping of one of his boys, who started off forthwith with it toward the South.

Korak remained in the vicinity of the camp, keeping a careful watch upon the Englishman. He had not seen the girl at the destination of the two riders, and had been disappointed when no sign of her materialized about the camp.

Bwana was resting, leaning back and forth beneath the trees when he should have been resting against the forced marches of the coming fight. Hanson lay in his hammock and slept. They spoke but little. Korak lay stretched upon a branch among the dense foliage above them. Thus passed the remainder of the after-

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

I often have such
Frightful blues
To think of poor folk's
Deep distress
The reason it affects
me so
Is cause I'm one of them.
I guess.



noon. Korak became hungry and thirsty. He doubted that either of the men would leave camp now before morning; so he withdrew, but toward the South, for here it seemed most likely the girl still was.

In the garden beside the bungalow Meriem wandered thoughtfully in the moonlight, feeling out in the future. She had, to her, unjust treatment of the Hon. Meriem Bwana. Nothing had been explained to her, for both Bwana and My Dear had wanted to spare her the mortification and sorrow of the true explanation of Bwana's proposal. They knew, as Meriem did not, that the man had had no intention of marrying her, and she would have come directly to Bwana, knowing full well that no objection would be interposed if Meriem really cared for him.

Meriem loved them both, and was grateful to them for that they had done for her; but deep in her heart surged the ungodly love of liberty that her years of savage and unbridled pleasure had bred in her part and parcel of her being. Now, for the first time since she had come to them, Meriem felt like a prisoner in the bungalow.

Like a caged tigress, the girl paced the length of the inclosure. Once she paused near the outer fence, her head upon one of the posts, and she gazed toward the moonlight just beyond the garden. The sound was not repeated.

Then she resumed her restless walking. Down to the opposite end of the garden she passed, and she gazed toward the moonlight just beyond the garden. The sound was not repeated.

Meriem stopped short in her tracks, listening again and sniffing—more than ever the tigress; alert, ready. Beyond the bushes a naked black runner squatted, peering through the foliage. He saw her, and she saw him. She stepped toward the corral, was soon gone from sight.

Meriem's nostrils quivered as she heard his every word. She made no attempt to seek close knowledge of his identity. Already she had guessed that he was a messenger from the country found employment chiefly in mines, steel, woolen and silk mills throughout the nation. The mortality among them was high and a large percentage of their effort in being made to Americanize him.

The Ruthenian in America remains loyal in heart to the land of his birth, but every effort is being made to Americanize him. Ruthenians are organized into patriotic clubs, but they have dropped entirely the word "Ruthenian" from the names of the clubs. They call themselves simply "The American Citizens' Association," not the "Ruthenian-American Association." Four thousand men are enrolled in such clubs in America.

The gospel of "Practical Americanization" is preached in a pamphlet being distributed today at the exposition in these paragraphs.

Every American citizen is vitally concerned in the type of immigrants coming to this country and whether they are to become self-sustaining, moral citizens or to be added to the dependent and criminal classes. In a higher sense, he should also have a true brotherhood interest in the uplift of those who come from surrounding lands. Another effort will be made to get all the other chairs rolled along at the lowest rates. Another effort will be made to get all the other chairs rolled along at the lowest rates.

The Ruthenians, a brave, thrifty, devout people, began leaving their homeland about 20 years ago, 250,000 settling on farms in Canada, 50,000 locating in Brazil and, up to the present time, nearly a million reside in this land of liberty and opportunity.

Their native land, Galicia, and nearby provinces are now devastated, their temples despoiled, their factories silenced, as these peace-loving people have fallen between the awful millstones of a cruel and pitiless war. Fleeing from such a fate, and asking a fair chance to rear and support their families, they come to America. For years these trustful immigrants have been the prey of designing people, who often met them at the pier. They understood not the language, knew not the laws or customs, had no place of worship—were "sheep having no shepherd."

These deficiencies have now to some extent been overcome. The departments in Philadelphia include St. Basil's Orphanage, schools, email hospital, dormitories, carpet and rug factory, printing shop, daily paper called America, music classes, sewing and embroidery, English night school for adults, American citizens' clubs and a separate department for boys. There is also a mutual benefit and insurance society, called "Provident," and a bank will soon be opened, both having been granted charters complying with all the regulations of the State Government.

So many calls for help have been coming to the office that an employment bureau will soon be opened. When funds are available a "Home for the Aged and Disabled" will be established. Already colonization farms of 1500 acres are in successful operation at Chesapeake City, Md., and nearby is another farm on which are to be located a school, an orphanage, agricultural and trade schools.

Every one who has seen "The Doctor," the famous painting by Sir Luke Fildes, showing a child at death's door, has asked the question, "Did he win?" The ten-faced physicians make a lasting impression, and the scene is so lifelike that the child cries, her mother wails. When the doctor enters, the scene is so lifelike that the child cries, her mother wails. When the doctor enters, the scene is so lifelike that the child cries, her mother wails.

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Mrs. Darric and her family fled from Antwerp, Belgium, when the German army swept through that country in 1914. They sought refuge in England, where her husband, Professor Darric, taught in the schools of the Belgian Royal Naval Association. When he left London for New York, he was offered the management of a school of languages in this city.

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Spiders School Buys Ground at Devon Because of the growth of the institution during its first year, the Spiders Junior School, at Devon, has bought the eight-acre place, the Terrace, formerly the home of Miss M. Marchant. Mark H. C. Spiders is the headmaster.

Miss Estelle Sanders Thrown by Mount, Frightened in Storm Miss Estelle D. Sanders, of 1222 Locust street, was painfully injured Saturday when she was thrown from her horse at King Street. The accident did not become known until she was taken to the Pennsylvania Hospital. The cause was revealed. She is suffering from a cut on the head and bruising.

Miss Sanders is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dallas Sanders, both of whom died years ago, and with her sister, Miss Anna Sanders, she was raised by her grandparents, an aunt, Miss Henrietta W. Sanders. According to the report, Miss Sanders was enjoying a canter with a party of friends, when she was thrown by the horse, which was thrown, and her head struck a stone.

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ON VIEW AT THE CIVIC EXPOSITION



An exhibit by St. Basil's Orphanage.

RUTHENIAN DAY AT CIVIC EXPOSITION; PEOPLE APPEAR IN NATIVE DRESS

Exhibit of Carpet and Embroidery Made by Orphanage, Which Needs \$150,000 for Buildings and Increased Facilities—Americanization Plans for the Elders

THIS is Ruthenian Day at the Philadelphia Today and Tomorrow Civic Exposition, in the Commercial Museum, 24th and Spruce streets. At 8:15 o'clock tonight there will be a grand concert by the Ruthenian Catholic Church choir, 316 North Franklin street, in the Exposition building.

The members of the choir will be attired in the costumes of their native country, Galicia, a province of Austria, where much of the European fighting has been staged.

One of the features of the day will be the exhibit of St. Basil's Orphanage, which is one of the largest institutions represented at the exhibition. The exhibit includes carpets, matting, and other household articles made and embroidered by the orphans at their own establishment, 322 North 7th street.

At the orphan there are 130 children made orphans by the death of parents employed in mines, factories and other dangerous and unhealthy places. The English language and useful trades are being taught most of them, although some of the older ones are attending the city high schools.

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IDEAL SUNDAY DRAWS THRU TO SEASHORE; MANY RENT COTTAGES

Weather Just Cool Enough to Make Stroll on Boardwalk Enjoyable—Rolling Chair Strike Was Short

'DAVE' LANE ON AN OUTING

ATLANTIC CITY, June 5.—The first Sunday in June was an ideal one, the weather just cool enough to make a stroll on the walk enjoyable. Crowds came down for the day, and they crowded many hours of enjoyment into the limited time allotted for their stay. Many of the visitors were here to engage accommodations for later periods at hotels and in apartments. Real estate agents report an unusual increase in the renting of cottages last week.

The strike of the rolling-chair pushers was a short but merry one while it lasted. There were many threats against the men who refused to go out and those who went back to work, after casting their lots with the strikers, on the promise of a few extra policemen on the walk soon to all the "pep" out of the strikers, and in a few hours every one returned to work. But two of the owners of chairs coupled with the demands of the strikers, and raised their price to 50 cents an hour, while all the other chairs rolled along at the lowest rates. Another effort will be made to get all the other chairs rolled along at the lowest rates.

A solid train of sleepers and coaches arrived early Sunday morning and left late the same night. All of the passengers were from the city. The Philadelphia Just-ice, Rochester, N. Y., en route to the State Conclave at Brooklyn, N. Y. Atlantic City is in the itinerary as a place worth while stopping at.

"Dave" Lane has arrived and takes his usual constitutional along the Boardwalk today. Among the Boardwalk strollers yesterday were Postmaster John A. Thornton, Emory Titcomb, John Muncie and William Brady, of Germantown.

Chevalier Charles C. A. Bidd, of Philadelphia, was greeted by many friends on the Boardwalk yesterday.

Dr. Nellie C. Turner and Miss Ida Price, of Philadelphia, are here on an indefinite stay. Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Twadell and Miss Louise Twadell, of Philadelphia, are at a beachfront hotel for an indefinite stay.

Mr. and Mrs. George P. Moulter are among the recent arrivals who contemplate remaining the entire summer.

Mrs. Robert Hobart Smith and Miss Hope McMichels will remain in Philadelphia just a few days. Mr. and Mrs. George P. Moulter, who spent the balance of the summer at Cape May.

Edward Tramps and Louis and Abraham Hammerschmidt, Philadelphia, just returned, men took a preliminary dash at fishing yesterday, and finding the going fairly good will come down next week for a long visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Byrne, Mr. and Mrs. John F. Walsh and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mercer Hicks are recent arrivals from Philadelphia.

Sydney Cornell, of Toiga, was here over the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Frederick Rothermel, of Walnut street, Philadelphia, will open their cottage here this week and remain throughout the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Locker Fox, of Philadelphia, are here on an indefinite stay. Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Milton Moore, of South Broad street, Philadelphia, have taken apartments here for the summer.

Mortimer P. Sumner, a young business man of Philadelphia, has engaged apartments for the summer and arrived yesterday for the season.

ELECTED HONORARY GRADUATE

Rev. David M. Steele "Member" of Ogonts Girls' Class

The Rev. David M. Steele, rector of the Church of St. Luke and the Epiphany, who preached the baccalaureate sermon last evening for the Ogonts Girls' School, at St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Ogonts, has had bestowed upon him the novel distinction of being elected an honorary member of the graduating class of 1916.

The young women, among whom are the daughters of railroad presidents, Standard Oil officials and wealthy men in many sections of the country, have taken a liking to the Rev. Mr. Steele and recently sent him a gold ring. They also presented their class motto to him. He has been conducting Sunday evening services at the school and recently delivered a course of addresses there.

There are 24 girls in the graduating class. Their officers are Miss Nina Cullinan, president; Miss Hazel Hopkins, vice president; Miss Maribel Peck, treasurer; and Miss Elizabeth Carnahan, secretary.

\$50,000 Mortgage Recorded

The Pennsylvania Company for Insurance on Lives and Granting Annuities has taken a mortgage of \$50,000 secured on the restaurant building at 222-1-2-3-4 South Market street, 1502-4 Filbert street, 1508 Market street, 242-4-6-3 North Broad street, and north side of Market west of 8th street, owned by the Horn & Hardart Baking Company.

FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB

WHY I DO NOT SMOKE

Dear Children—It always pains me and grieves me very much to receive such beautiful pictures of myself smoking corncob pipes or cigars.

One thing I have tried NOT to do is to advise you. Most of the things which I do which sound to you like advising are nothing more or less than suggestions.

You must remember that you are free and that that you are an individual, and that if you choose to stick pins in yourself, take poison, smoke cigarettes, Havana cigars or a corncob pipe, that is your business, provided you are old enough to comply with the laws of the State.

While not a lawyer myself, I have learned this much, that the first law of the land is, you can do anything you please so long as you do not interfere with the rights of another.

The reason I do not smoke is because I cannot afford it. I know that if I should smoke people would say, "Why, the Editor of the Rainbow Club smokes, so it must be all right."

I know that if I do not smoke I am on the safe side, because no one has ever found fault with me because I do not smoke.

Furthermore, I have always been a great admirer of P. T. Barnum, who called himself "the children's friend." I always wrote after my name, "the children's friend," even before I knew Mr. Barnum had used it after his name. Mr. Barnum was very much opposed to smoking.

So please do me this favor, when you draw pictures of me, kindly omit corncob pipes, cigarettes and cigars.

The Farmer